

BRUIN FELL DOWN

He Was Killed Because He Was Excessively Polite.

If He Had Growled the Pretty Pennsylvania School-Teacher Would Have Shot Him.

Katie Rankin is a pretty twenty-year-old school mistress in Cummings township, Lecompton county, Pa. She is also a heroine, as an adventure, in which she was a leading character, has proved. A 250-pound black bear was the other actor in the affair, and Katie's schoolhouse was the scene of combat. The structure in which pretty Miss Rankin conducts her school is located near the banks of Pine creek, in a sparsely-settled district. Just back of the one-story schoolhouse stretches a forest, up and across the mountain, which rises 600 feet or more. It is no uncommon thing to see bears or catamounts in these woods. The knowledge that there were wild beasts about caused Katie Rankin to carry a revolver, for her boarding-place is fully half a mile distant from the schoolhouse. Diligent practice has made her a proficient marksman.

One night recently snow fell in that locality to the depth of twenty inches. Next morning Miss Rankin started for her school, going quite early so that she could have the room warm before the pupils began to arrive. The task of trudging through the deep snow for a half mile was more than she had counted on, and when she arrived at the door of the little schoolhouse she was nearly fagged out. On opening the door she was surprised to find one of the windows in the rear of the room wide open. It had apparently been open all night, for the snow had drifted in.

Hurrying up the aisle to make fast the window, she was startled to see a big black bear lying on the floor close to the stove. She screamed, for she thought the form that of a tramp who had taken shelter in her schoolroom from the severe storm of the night before. She was about to flee when the black form raised up, and she was surprised still more to find it not a man, but a big black bear. Now, here was a predicament. Run she must. She sprang to the door, but, behold! in her



HE WAITED UNTIL HE STOOD UPRIGHT

hurry to get inside when she arrived, a minute before, she had failed to notice the key from the outside. The peculiar make of lock made it an impossibility to open the same on either side without the aid of the key after it had sprung shut, and thus was the now thoroughly alarmed girl made a prisoner—with a big black bear as a companion.

At last, having surveyed her to his entire satisfaction, bruin gave a loud grunt, showed two rows of teeth, then turned and shuffled toward the open window. With his fore paws on the sill he looked back over his shoulder at Miss Rankin, who stood trembling at the door, then he raised his ponderous form and slid out into the snow. It was then that Miss Rankin bethought herself, and rammed her hand into her coat pocket for the revolver. With this as a helmsman, and the bear on the outside of the building, all her bravery returned. She knew that bruin could not well get back if she barricaded the windows, and she did want to shoot a real, true bear so badly.

On going to the window she was surprised to find that the bear had not yet gone more than ten feet toward the wood. The snow was so deep and of such feathery nature that it was next to impossible for the woolly coated creature to move. He first staggered on his hind legs, and with his forepaws beat the snow from in front, but when he attempted to move forward he invariably tumbled head foremost into the snow, which at that point had drifted four feet high.

Miss Rankin judged that this was her chance. She did not stop to think that bears are not usually shot with a revolver. She watched bruin flounder in the snow, and knew that he could not get back to her, even though the first few shots did no more than injure him. She waited until he stood upright, when she leveled the pistol at his head and fired. Simultaneously with the report of the firearm the bear jumped into the air several feet, then went rolling into the snow drift. An instant later he was again on his feet, this time with his face toward the schoolhouse window. The sight of his pretty tormentor and the pain of the bullet wound in his head maddened the fellow, and his attempt to flounder through the snow back to the window was terrific.

Again Miss Rankin raised her pistol, this time taking aim for the bear's eye. The bullet went "home," and the bear fell again into the snow drift. This time he was slow to rise, and before he accomplished this another bullet went plowing into his body, and he lay down to die.

Miss Rankin will have a rug made of the bearskin. It is an exceptionally fine one, and it will ever prove a ready reminder of the day that she was made prisoner in a country schoolhouse with a wild beast for her only companion.

FAUNTLEROY HAD GRIT.

A Washington Newspaper Man's Story of a Long-Haired Boy.

The poor little chap wore a heavy pea jacket of blue cloth, mounted with brass buttons, a large red tie, which shielded his peaked face and leather leggings, which covered up the rest of him, except his long golden curls. On the top of those he wore a blue sailor cap. His mother gave him to a Third Avenue car conductor at a Washington,

with instructions to set him on somewhere, and then went to shop on Grand street. Later on a boy of his own age, but dressed in knickerbockers and woolen stockings, squeezed beside him on the seat and pulled one of his curls. The little boy with the golden hair grinned weakly, but had as much



"SAY, MISTER, KIDNAP ME OFF WITH THESE THINGS."

chance to retaliate as a trussed chicken, and when I looked over at him sympathetically, and warned the other boy away, he hopped off his perch and came over to my side and said:

"Say, mister, help me off with these things, will you?" He threw his cap under the seat, and I unbuckled the pea jacket and the hot, stiff leggings, and held them on my knee, wondering what would follow. The pale little boy gave his curls a shake and sprang at the other one with surprising agility. Together they rolled on the floor of the car, and before we could separate them the little boy with the blonde curls would never have been recognized by his mother. But he shed no tears. He put on his coat, hung the leggings over his arm and climbed up beside me. Then he remarked:

"Say, mister, I'd a slugged that fellow if he hadn't had a tight grip on my hair."

When that boy got off the car I gave him the price of a hair cut, and I told him to go home with a closely cropped head. I hope his mother will forgive me, but it's a shame to grow curls on a boy like that.

AN ECONOMICAL CURE.

Turtle Doves in the House Are Said to Banish Rheumatism.

"You have doubtless heard of cures for rheumatism by the hundreds," said a gentleman recently. "I mean superstitious cures—cures that will either cure or prevent a person being afflicted with the disease. The horse chestnut had its day, as did the carrying of assafoetida in a small bag about the neck; then the magnetic ring for the finger was adjudged a sure remedy. But a cure and preventive which is very common, yet of which you hear but little, is the keeping of turtle doves in the house."

"Not long ago a friend of mine who had been a victim of the tortures of rheumatism for years was informed that the presence of turtle doves would help, if not cure, his infirmity. Willing to try anything to rid himself of the pain he bought a pair of beautiful doves. Whether there is any virtue in the superstition or not, it was a strange fact that from the day she got the birds she began to get better. She at last was completely cured. She became very much attached to the birds, and would not have parted with them for a



THE LOST BIRD WALKED IN.

great deal. One day the cage door was left inadvertently open, and one of the birds escaped.

"Four days after this she felt the twinges of her old rheumatism coming back to her. But one morning she opened the door, to have the lost bird walk into the house as unconcerned as could be. She experienced no more rheumatism from that day to this. Whether the cure so accomplished was the result of that suggestive force of hypnotism or merely coincident is for some one better versed in the laws of psychology to decide. Anyhow, she was cured."

Fair Dealing. "I don't see why it is that Ethel is always so popular with the men," she remarked.

"Well," he replied, "it goes to show that business-like methods pay the best in the end. She has a reputation for the greatest promptness in returning a ring when the engagement is broken."

—Washington Star.

Scott's Emulsion

is not a secret remedy. It is simply the purest Norway Cod-liver Oil, the finest Hypophosphites, and chemically pure Glycerine, all combined into a perfect Emulsion so that it will never change or lose its integrity. This is the secret of Scott's Emulsion's great success.

It is the happy combination of these most valuable ingredients, materially increasing their potency; hence the great value of Scott's Emulsion in wasting diseases. We think people should know what they are taking into their stomachs.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute. Scott & Bown, N. Y. All Druggists. 50c and \$1.

DUCKS GOT DRUNK

A New Jerseyman Tells a Strictly Truthful Tale.

How He Caught a Countless Number of Tipsy Birds—What Seemed a Loss at First Proved a Very Profitable Investment.

Tommy Magruder, of Fredon, N. J., whose story of his wonderful hen that hatched hard-boiled eggs has gone the rounds of the newspapers, has a friend named George Lefferts, who is also a native Jerseyman. Lefferts has just been matching Magruder with a marvelous narrative, to which he is willing to make affidavit. George took a large lot of ducks down to market to sell the other day, and the way he got those ducks is without precedent. He says he drove over to one of the distilleries last week and bought a barrel of applejack, which he placed in his wagon. The rest of the tale sounds better as it fell from his own lips:

"It was late in the afternoon afore I started for home, and it was a powerful cold day," he said. "I fortified myself pretty well afore startin' and didn't care much for the weather, only that the roads were pretty slippery from Monday's thaw and the horses had considerable trouble in keepin' their feet. I got up to the forks by Jake Kline's place, where I see that the main road in the low spot by the marsh was just a solid sheet of solid ice, and I thought that I had better go up the branch and across to Tucker's corner. It was just a little more hilly, to be sure, but it was likely to be less iced up on that account. I was passing the corner of my pasture lot when I struck a piece of slanted road that I'd neglected to fix. It was right there where the little spring breaks out of the limestone and runs down that half-acre pond of mine, where I put the German carp that Frank Ward sent me. Just as soon as the wheels struck that ice I see that the wagon had to go, and I jumped for a branch of the big oak and hung to it whilst the wagon slipped away from under me, slid down the bank and crashed through the fence atop of the low stone wall. I dropped to my feet in the ditch on the other side of the road and got over in time to grab the horses as the whiffetree broke and the pole snapped. Then I looked to see what damage was done, and see the applejack barrel hanging empty on a fence stake. There was forty-two gallons of liquor afloat on that little pond. I left the wagon and the empty barrel there and led the team home."

"There was no daylight left when I got the horses into the barn, so I didn't go back to look at the wagon until about 7 o'clock next mornin'. It was kinder misty then, and afore I got within nine rods of the pond I heard a noise. It was the greatest noise I ever listened to, and sounded like 40,000 ducks all quacking at once. I kinder slowed up and sneaked along far side of the road until I come to the fence corner, and then, through the mist, I see the derndest sight mortal man ever gazed at. There wasn't nothin' of the pond to be seen. It was nothing but a mass of ducks, and most of

them had their feet up. All around the shore was ducks, some with their heads under their wings and others lyin' down in the snow. Then there come some, too, that was tryin' to walk around. A duck ain't much on the walk anyhow, but it was just comical to see them fellows tryin' to waddle. I knew what was the matter in a second. All them ducks was jagged on applejack. Some were dead, some dead drunk and the rest in all stages of what Parson Spooner calls inebriety, when he's speakin' 'bout a neighbor who has money."

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STRANGE CASE THIS.

A Michigan Girl Has a Queer Animal in Her Stomach.

About three years ago a daughter of George W. Millars, of Detroit, was attacked with what physicians diagnosed as an aggravated form of stomach trouble. At that time the young lady was eighteen years of age. Her malady took the form of what was classified as a "gastric lump," and she suffered a great deal of pain. She was exceedingly nervous and was frequently seized with severe choking spells.

"From the first the girl was imbued with what we thought was a strange fancy," said Mr. Millars the other day. "She insisted that there was something alive in her stomach; that she could feel it crawling, and



THE WOMAN WENT INTO A TRANCE.

that the terrible choking spells were caused by its coming up toward her throat. She also claimed that the severe spasms of pain were caused by the movement of the thing, whatever it might be, in crawling about."

The best doctors in the city attended the girl, but gave her no relief. Finally her father decided to try a female clairvoyant physician, who, it was claimed, had removed lice and other living things from human stomachs. The family physician, Dr. W. R. Baker, was in attendance when the woman went into a trance.

"I see it!" she cried. "It's a horrible thing, and it's alive. It is crawling around in the girl's stomach. It is covered with thick fur and has sharp claws. It has made a nest in the lower stomach, and that is what makes the girl gag so. We must kill it and get it out. We will never get rid of the thing until it is killed."

While still in a trance she dictated a prescription which she said would kill the beast, and the poor girl was relieved of the foot of some animal. It is covered with a thick fur, about the color of a rat, provided with sharp claws and is not unlike the foot of a kitten. It is thought the animal came through the penstock when very small and that the girl must have swallowed it while taking a drink in the dark.

CAUGHT A BIG HORN.

Said to Be the Only Creature of Its Kind in Captivity.

The only Rocky mountain sheep known to be in captivity arrived at San Francisco a few days ago from Mexico.

THE U. S. Government officially reports ROYAL Baking Powder superior to all others in leavening strength. (Bulletin 13, Ag'l Dep't, p. 599.)

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